

EAGLE

and SWIFT

23 May 1964 Vol. 15 No. 21

EVERY
WEDNESDAY

6d.



THEY'RE
TAKING UP
POSITIONS IN
THE TOP
RESTAURANT
SECTION!

Not a dangerous idea from another planet, had roused the bored teenagers of London to revolt, and had made them forcibly take over the G.P.O. Tower. The helicopter carrying Dan Dare, Digby and the Police Commissioner was forced down, but another police helicopter was tracking the rebels . . .

DAN DARE
Pilot of the Future
in THE BIG CITY CAPER

KEITH WATERMAN



DAN DARE AND DIGBY STOOD SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET BELOW THE REBELS.

THE CROWD DISPERSED SOULD ARE FIRING IN PARAGAS BOMBS! THEY'LL FILL THE PLACE WITH GAS AND HAVE EVERYONE OUT COLD WITHIN TEN SECONDS!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
UP THERE
NOW?



I DOUBT
IT! XEL'S TOO
CUNNING TO BE
BEATEN SO EASILY!

THE BOMBS PUNCHED SMALL HOLES IN THE WINDOWS AND GENTLY FUMED THE GAS THAT WOULD PARALYZE ANYONE WHO BREATHED IT. THE YOUNG DEFENDERS SCATTERED—BUT KEL STOOD DEFiant AND RAGING!

KEL COMMANDED— AND HAS OBEYED!

WHERE?! THERE'S A STRONG DRAFT AROUND HERE.

STUPID EARTH- BORN FOOL!— SMASH THE WINDOWS!

THE WIND SCoured OUT THE NERVE-Numbing GAS...

ON FAR AWAY STOL, KEL HAD BEEN BORN TO COMMAND. AND HERE ON EARTH, HE WAS GIVING ORDERS THAT HE KNEW WOULD BE OBEYED.

THOSE WITH WEAPONS, TAKE UP FIRING POSITIONS! SHOOT AT ANY MOVEMENT DOWN BELOW OR IN NEARBY BUILDINGS—AND SHOOT TO KILL!

THIS THING'S GOING TOO FAR—I CAME ALONG BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN. A BIT OF EXCITEMENT! I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO KILL ANYONE!

IT'S KEL'S ORDERS! HE GIVES TOO MANY ORDERS—I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO BE FREE TO DO AS WE LIKED!

SUDDENLY THAT PART OF THE CITY WAS RECONNECTED TO THE POWER SUPPLY. EVERY LIGHT BLAZED ON, EXCEPT THOSE WITHIN THE TOWER FOR THE ENGINEERS HAD CUT THE BUILDING OUT OF THE CIRCUIT...

SHOOT OUT THOSE FLOOD-LIGHTS!

DOWN BELOW...

EVERY MAN GET UNDER COVER!

SHOTS SHOWERED OUT FITFULLY FROM THE TOWER UNTIL DAWN...

BUT THEY WERE NUMBED FINGERS THAT SQUEEZED THE TRIGGERS AND WATERY EYES THAT SQUINTED ALONG THE SIGHTS AGAINST THE WIND...

HEY! THIS IS A RESTAURANT! SO HOW ABOUT SOME FOOD TO PERK US UP? I'M AS COLD AS A PENGUIN ON AN ICE-FLOE!

WHEEL DARE AND TWO OF THE BIRLS WENT DOWN ONE FLOOR TO THE KITCHEN...

KEEP FREEZE

EVERYTHING'S DEEP FROZEN— THE BACON EGGS SAUSAGE...

AND BECAUSE THE POWERS OFF THERE'S NO MEAT TO COOK THEM!

THE ADVENTURES OF DAN DARE ALSO APPEAR EVERY SUNDAY IN 'THE PEOPLE'



TO BE CONCLUDED

PUZZLE CORNER

SIX PENNY POSER

Arrange six pennies to form a pattern like diagram (A). The pennies must touch as shown. Now your problem is to move three coins and, by doing so, finish with a pattern like diagram (B). However, you must obey one simple rule: AT THE END OF EVERY MOVE, THE COIN YOU SHIFT MUST TOUCH ANY TWO OTHER PENNIES.



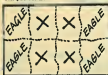
MAD MATHS

How can this quaint sum possibly be correct? Study it all ways - and see.

$$\begin{array}{r} 340+ \\ 3414 \\ 340 \\ 74813 \\ \hline 43373414 \end{array}$$

FINGER VISION

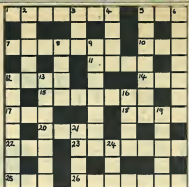
Jonathan enjoys doing "trick" tricks and he tells his friends that he can see with his fingertips. To prove his point, he writes the word EAGLE and draws a big cross four times each on a piece of paper. Then he turns the card into eight pieces, as illustrated - and asks his friends to shake up the names and choose in a big paper hat. Jonathan blows three times on his fingers, after which he reveals into the hat and calls out "EAGLE or VROO!" BEFORE pulling out a fragment of card. Jonathan never makes a mistake. Can you see how the trick is done?



ODD ANGLE What is it?



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- The capital of this country is Reykjavik (7).
- Not lean (3).
- 'A, mao in' (anagram). Second World War battle (7).
- Neither heat nor light for us without (10).
- Undiluted - also means tidy (6).
- It needs deciphering (6).
- Make a mistake in 'terror' (3).
- Printed letters that slope (7).
- Sherries of 'Coronation Street' (3).
- Tiny bit of matter (4).
- Long pole supporting sails (4).
- A — faced person is insincere (3).
- Allowance for retired people (7).
- Spare the — and spoil the child! (10).
- Pilot of the future! (3, 4).

DOWN

- Stringed instrument larger than a viola (5).
- It's usually king of the cards! (3).
- Native of Denmark (4).
- The — runner wins the race (7).
- 'Turn mat' (anagram) in a fit of temper (7).
- Encounter (4).
- Blow up, as a tyre (7).
- Northern city and first name of our No. 1 table tennis player (7).
- Very hard, precious stone much used in industry (7).
- It's raining — and dogs! (4).
- A small (3).
- , Muppets! (4).
- She lives in a convent (3).

JOHNNY FROG in The Secret Weapon

Johnny Frog and Lieutenant Alain Yoo, R.N., were sent with three ratings in an old fireship to strew mines outside Boulogne harbour, where Napoleon's invasion fleet was moored. The operation was a success, and from the shore they watched the floating mines wreak havoc among the anchored vessels.

GLORY BE—
THERE GOES
ANOTHER
ONE!

JOHNNY CAN
NOT TAKE ME TO
NAPOLEON'S
HEADQUARTERS!

ALAIN AND
ANOTHER
MINORITY
TO
ACCOMMODATE.

AS THEY REACHED THE
CLIFF-TOP AN ENEMY
COACH THUNDERED NEXT.

DICK, JOHNNY
DUCK!

A COACH AND ESCORT MEET?
THAT'S SOMEBODY WORTH
FOLLOWING.

YOU THERE LOOK FOR A
BOAT! IF WE'RE NOT BACK,
INSIDE AN HOUR,
MAKE YOUR OWN
WAY HOME,
UNDERSTOOD?

A'YE, AYE, SIR!
BEST OF LUCK, SIR!

JOHNNY AND ALAIN
FOLLOWED THE COACH...

THIS IS THE
FISHING-QUARTER. THAT
INK—OCH, ALAIN, THE
MAN STEPPING OUT OF
THE COACH—IT'S
ADMIRAL ROSSBY!

SOMETHING'S
AFOOT! LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN GET
A CLOSER
LOOK.

GOODS FOR THE FLEET,
I'LL BE BOUND TO GIVE
A SHOUT. DO TWO FOR
A REEF IT THEM!

WELL, THERE'S
NO HARM IN
TRYING, ALAIN!

They watched the Admiral leave
the inn, ring the valve into his
coach, then turn back for a
last word with the Emperor.
Johnny promptly crept to the
coach door...

SHH! WAIT!
TILL THE SENTRY
TURNS HIS
BACK.

DONKEY'S
MERE, ALL
RIGHT. THERE
WAS A THUNDER
AT THE ADJUTANT
THAT NIT LEFT
THE CAMP!

WHAT'S THAT
HE'S GIVING THE
EMPEROR?

DONKEY
SOMETIMES
DOES THIS
TOY TO...

I'VE GOT IT,
ALAIN—
I'VE GOT IT!

NEXT WEEK: THE FIGHT ON THE CLIFF!

the ride FOR TWO HORIZON UNLIMITED

Ex-gangster Shamrock Kelly, once one of Al Capone's hoodlums and a mob leader in Chicago in the roaring twenties, had come back to America from Ireland for a last night of home. Theo Kidd and Sam Goughly flew him south to a secluded island off Cape Cod, owned by a friend who had invited him to stay. Theo, Sam and the ex-gangster were on their way to the friend's house when submachine-guns opened up on their car from both sides of the road . . .



As Theo and Sam turned away, they heard Shamrock Kelly open up with the tommy-gun

THE sedan slowed viciously across the road, both sides' tires ripped open by bullets. The tires screamed louder than the whine of the bullets and the smashing of glass.

Theo Kidd held the wheel against the skid, not trying to fight it. He could see nothing, anyway. He was crunched down behind the dashboard with broken glass from the windshield on the back of his neck and Shamrock Kelly's hard little body slammed against his.

There were bushes on the verge of the road. The sedan tore through them, still on its four wheels, but swaying, and ploughed across a downward slope of grass before it heeled over in a second clump of bushes and stopped.

Sam Goughly must have wrenched open the nearside door as the car heeled, because the three of them shot out in a heap and fell in a tangle of arms and legs ten yards down the steep slope.

The guns had stopped by that time. The three of them lay very still, hard against each other, breathing scarcely through open mouths, scared to make a sound in the uncanny silence which trapped them.

The silence was broken suddenly by a muffled thud and roar. The sedan's petrol tank had gone up. The noise of the flames was loud enough to cover Theo as he was dragged himself out of the huddle of limbs and crawled forward to the gap they had made in the bushes.

Sam eased up beside him. He said, in a harsh whisper: "What gives, kid?"

"I can only see the sedan. It's blazing up there. Whoever loosed off those guns will be coming down to see whether they got us."

Sam took a deep, painful breath. "Yes, then they'll be coming after us again. But what gives with them? What did we do to get shot-up like that?"

"Don't ask me, Sam," Theo said. "Maybe you ought to ask our presence."

They both turned their heads. Shamrock Kelly was sitting hunched up in the tangle of undergrowth a couple of yards

below them. He seemed to be all right. He was chuckling all over his grizzled little face.

Sam mouthed at him fiercely. The old man nodded happily. He even winked at them before he got on his knees and crawled up towards them. He was still coming when the men with the guns suddenly appeared above.

THERE were four men. They crested warily around the blazing car, their tommy-guns held loosely at the hip. Three of them were lean, tooth-looking. The fourth was fat and slow. He looked like an old man.

Theo watched the men for a moment. They were taking their time and the car was still burning furiously enough to cover his voice.

He whispered, not turning his head: "Do you recognize any of them. Kelly?

The fat man? Is he the friend who invited you here?"

"Sure, he's my friend," Shamrock Kelly whispered back. "Oh, sure, some friend."

"Who is he, then?"

"Name of Milano. Tony Milano."

"You mean . . ."

"I told you about him, remember? He had the next territory to mine way back on the East Side in Chicago. His mob and mine were always gunning for each other. We never did settle where his territory ended and mine began. I remember . . ."

"There's not much time, Kelly. Do you mean to say Milano invited you here to kill you?"

"I figured he might, when that punk of his met me in St John's. Sure his a long, long memory, that Wop."

"And yet you accepted the invitation?" Theo whispered. "Knowing he might try to shoot you up?"

He had turned his head to look at Shamrock Kelly. The ex-gangster was grinning. It was a nice, quiet, happy grin.

"But, sure, I told you I wanted to come home," he said.

Sam's elbow gouged Theo in the ribs. Theo turned his head sharply. The black

had died down and the three men were turning away from the blackened ribs of the sedan. They must have discovered it was empty.

The fat man waved his gun loosely. The three others fanned out across the slope, guns held low. One of them headed straight down through the bushes towards Theo and Sam and Shamrock Kelly.

Theo said harshly, under his breath: "Back, both of you. I'll take him."

"But, kid . . ."

"We need his gun," Theo said. "Get back, Sam."

He hunched himself against the ground, thighs underneath his body. He heard the whisper of leaves as Sam and Shamrock Kelly backed off. He heard the feet of the lean man hurrying down the slope towards the bush he was hidden under.

The timing had to be just right. He would have perhaps two seconds to disable the man before the reflex action tightened the man's finger on the trigger. As the man's body parted the bush above his head, he grabbed for the tommy-gun with one hand and chopped the other savagely behind the knee joint of the man's left leg.

The gun came away in Theo's hand. The man grunted with pain and dropped. He had a thin little mouth wide open in a scream when Theo chopped him again, rather untidily, across the windpipe.

THEO straightened up with the gun in his hands. He made sure the man was still breathing, pulled the leaves away from his half-buried face so that he could go on doing so, and then slithered backwards through the bushes to Sam and Shamrock Kelly.

He said: "We'll work down the slope. Come on." He said it so quietly and sharply that neither of them argued.

They must have made too much noise going down through the bushes, because one of the men on the slope above shouted. Bodies crashed through the undergrowth, coming towards them fast.

Theo got up to run, took one stride downwards, and found himself free of the bushes at the top of an open, grassy slope that fell a couple of hundred yards to the riverbank below. There was a boat-house at the water's edge.

Theo said: "We'll make for the boat-house. Run, both of you. If those men spot us before we've made it, I'll cover you with the gun."

Both Sam and Shamrock Kelly started to argue then. Theo said: "Shut up. I've got the gun. Get going."

They ran. Sam had his arm around Shamrock Kelly's little body, half-carrying him. The blood was pumping so hard in Theo's ears that he heard nothing of the men's progress down the slope.

He heard the harsh chatter of the tommy-gun, though. He was twenty yards from the boat-house and the boat-house and he dropped fast as the bullets lashed over his head.

He twisted around, aimed his own gun high over the two men who had just burst from the bushes at the top of the slope. The gun quivered in his hands as he put a long, ragged hole up the slope.

The two men ducked and dropped. Theo was already wriggling backwards. He heard a door open in the boat-house wall ten yards behind him and Sam's voice shouting urgently: "We've made it, kid. Hurry it up, for Pete's sake."

THEO took a chance. He fired a second burst high up the slope and thrust to his feet and ran. The guns opened on him five seconds later, but that time he was through the door of the boat-house and Sam had slammed the door and the bullets splattered into the thick woodwork at his back.

The boat-house was one big, bare room with the carcasses of boats hanging from the rafters. At the far end it was open to the river; the water shifted against an empty slipway there.

There were two windows facing the grassy slope and the glass of both of them was shot out by a long burst from the tommy-guns at Theo's feet. Suddenly, the heavy sound of a motor engine swelled from the river.

"The launch!" Theo said. "The launch

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ROVING REPORTER



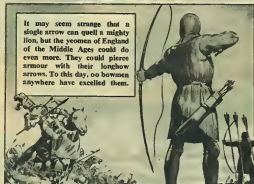
IN AN AGE OF FAST-MOVING NEW SPORTS LIKE DRAG-RACING AND PARACHUTE JUMPING IT IS STRANGE THAT ONE OF THE OLDEST ARTS IN THE WORLD—ARCHERY—IS STILL ONE OF ITS MOST POPULAR.



Archery clubs can be found all over Britain and, indeed, in most of the civilized countries of the world. Targets in this country are four feet across and are usually fired at from distances of 60, 80 or 100 yards.



But in some countries, the targets are the beasts of the jungle. Many game poachers find the bow and arrow as effective as a rifle.



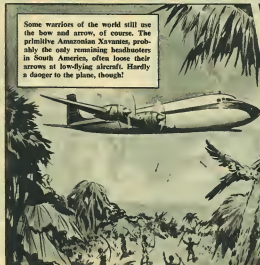
It may seem strange that a single arrow can quell a mighty lion, but the yeomen of England of the Middle Ages could do even more. They could pierce armour with their longbow arrows. To this day, no bowmen anywhere have excelled them.



IN THE DAYS OF SOBIN HOOD, THE BOW WAS TRADITIONALLY MADE OF YEW. TODAY, THE BEST WOOD IS PICKED TO BE DEGAME, WHICH COMES FROM WEST INDIA.



Other materials as effective as Degame are glass fibre, laminates of various woods, and steel. Bows and arrows made of steel were used by British commandos in the war against Hitler. There's nothing better when silence and surprise are needed. So there will be room for the bow and arrow in the atom age!



Some warriors of the world still use the bow and arrow, of course. The primitive Amazonian Xavantes, probably the only remaining headhunters in South America, often loose their arrows at low-flying aircraft. Hardly a danger to the plane, though!



AS A SPORT, THERE IS MORE TO ARCHERY THAN JUST AIMING AT A TARGET. FOR INSTANCE, MATCHES ARE SOMETIMES HELD AGAINST GOLFERS—WITH BOTH SIDES TRYING TO 'HOLE IN ONE'.



PATIENTS AT HOSPITALS AND CRIPPLES' HOMES FIND THE EXERCISE OF DRAWING A BOW STRENGTHENS ARM MUSCLES, AND THAT MAKES THE CONSTANT TASK OF PROPELLING A WHEEL CHAIR A LITTLE EASIER.

NEXT WEEK: DIVING FOR PEARLS!

HEROS

the SPARTAN

The evil Vyah it seemed was dead, although Heros the Spartan was held prisoner by his soldiers. Then the robber army of Rome attacked the evil Vyah's city, but were driven back. Roman then seized two thick-bladed knives -- and ran towards the mighty gate...



NOW I SEE WHAT RANAS PLANS TO DO, BUT IT IS MADNESS!

EVEN IF HE SUCCEEDS IN SCALING THE WALL--WHAT THEN?

His back to the opened gate, Ranas faced his enemy...



THE GATE IS OPEN, MY THIEVES! ATTACK!

KILL HIM! SLAY HIM--AND CLOSE THE GATE! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



HURRY--HURRY--MY THIEVES! I CANNOT HOLD OUT--MUCH LONGER...



OLD MAN, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH AND COURAGE TO DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO! SO THAT I WILL NOT FAIL YOU...



An arrow struck--but Ranas the Thief fought on...



A spear thrust down on him--Ranas was ready...

A SPEAR? MY STUPID FOUL--IT IS JUST WHAT I NEED!

AAAAAH!



TO THE GATES! THE GATES--ALL OF YOU!

AAAAH! HURRY--HURRY! BEFORE I DIE--WHILE THE GATE STAYS OPEN!



At that moment, Heros's sword came to a swift decision.

I'VE NO TIME FOR YOU NOW, ROMAN! LET OTHERS GUARD YOU!

HURRY, FOOLS! TO THE GATES!



The valiant guard Heros lunged bravely...

I RANAS THE MIGHTY, WILL SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAILED! HAVE FEAR, SOLDIERS OF THE EVIL VYAH--RANAS IS COMING FOR YOU...

I KNOW YOU ARE BRAVE, RANAS! BUT EVEN YOU CANNOT HOPE TO BREACH THIS WALL!

SEE, ROMAN! YOUR FRIEND THE ROBBER WISHES TO DIE! EITHER THAT--OR HE HAS LOST HIS REASON! HA! HE'S--ONE MAN ATTACKING THE CITY OF VYAH! HE IS A FOOL!



Ranas threw the first of his daggers at the gate...

YOUR GATE IS TOO TALL TO CLIMB--BUT NOT WITH A LADDER...



Then the second. The angle of the wall would soon shield him from the archers...

AIM STRAIGHTER, FOOLS! CUT HIM DOWN!



Then he was atop the wall and leaping down...

DEATH TO THE FALSE VYAH! AND THE EVIL RATS WHO SERVE HIM!

QUICKLY! STOP HIM--YOU CAN SEE WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO!



HE'S OPENING THE GATE!

BUT HE CANNOT KEEP IT OPEN! NOT JUST ONE MAN--IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

As the two armies prepared to clash, a trapdoor slowly opened and a sinister figure emerged--the evil Vyah...



THERE IS STILL TIME--STILL TIME TO SAVE ALL FROM BEING LOST!

NEXT WEEK: THE EVIL VYAH'S LAST GAMBLE!

British Olympic Hopes

3. BRIAN PHELPS

Brian Phelps's diving career really started when he was 14. Getting in his dad's way, he was packed off to London's Ironmonger Road Baths.

Although no great shakes as a diver, little Brian tried a few attempts at the swallow dive off the 10-foot springboard. Unknown to him, he was being watched by Wally Ormer, a member of the Highgate Diving Club which was on the look-out for likely talent.

The result was that Wally became Brian's coach and has been largely responsible for Brian's triumphs during his short career.

As Brian learnt about diving, so did Wally Ormer learn about coaching technique, because Britain is still miles behind the Americans in diving teaching. Below, Wally Ormer advises Brian on a technical point during one of their evening training sessions, held six nights a week in London.

Right now, Brian has a real fight on his hands. A knee injury is not only holding up his training, but has also caused him to lose his place in the Olympic 'possibles' list. But knowing Brian's tenacity, be sure that when Tokyo comes around, Brian will be there, diving for a British 'gold'.



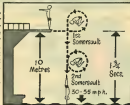
FOR THE RECORD

Diving scores mean little, as weather and conditions can affect them so much, so no records can be made today.

Brian Phelps's greatest success was when he won the Highboard Diving gold medal at the 1958 European Games at Budapest at the age of 14. He retained that title in 1962, and gained a bronze medal at the Rome 1960 Olympics in the Highboard event.

Shortly after his 1962 European Games title, he travelled to Australia and won both the diving events in the Empire Games.

This was the dive, an inward 2 1/2 somersault, which virtually won the European title for Brian at the 1962 Championships at Leipzig. He must complete 2 1/2 somersaults in the 11 seconds it takes to fall 12 feet, hitting the water at about 32 m.p.h.



What are Brian's chances of a gold in Tokyo? Well, just a year ago, he and Wally Ormer decided that Brian's take-off, the all-important part of the dive, was wrong. They studied how the Americans did their take-off - and started to learn it all over again. It is the only way to master the Americans, they say. Will they do it? We must wait for the Olympics.

TIPS FROM THE TOP



These shots, taken during Brian's training, show why he is champion of Europe and the Empire - his practice dives are as perfect as his competition ones.

Note the hands and feet perfectly straight; style counts for so much. Brian's advice to young divers is to perfect simple dives before attempting anything difficult, and ask your pal to watch your entry, as he can see faults that you don't realize are there.

OLYMPIC DANGERMAN

Says coach Wally Ormer: "In diving, you have to respect the American competitors, no matter who they are. That's how a strong they are." But Bob Webster, of America, winner of the 1960 Olympic Games Highboard Diving gold medal, must be the man to fear most.



SPORTING TALK BY EX-PRO

TIME was when table tennis players put away their bats for the summer and turned their attention exclusively to outdoor sports. But since the Holiday Camps got 'with it', and started to provide playing facilities second to none, the summer months have become a vital preparation period in the grooming of a would-be table tennis champion.

At Holiday Camps throughout Great Britain from May until September, many thousands of boys and girls will be graduating from kitchen table ping-pong to the real thing under the watchful eyes of now-famous coaches who started in the same way.

And from these novices will emerge the EAGLE/GIRL, Junior, English, and possibly even the European and World Champions of tomorrow.

This time last year, few people had heard of a fourteen-year-old Barnsley, Yorkshire, schoolboy named Alan Hydes. But in September, his elegant, left-handed stroke play was spotted in the Finals of a National Holiday Camp Coaching competition and Alan was chosen 'Top Boy of the Year', an award based solely on promise, rather than actual match-play results.

Alan started to justify his selection in the months that followed, making a debut with Yorkshire Juniors, winning the Yorkshire Junior Closed and Open titles, and then making a further unbeaten debut for the Yorkshire Senior second team.

Seven days after his 15th birthday, he won

ALAN HYDES SEEKS TO BRIDGE THAT GAP!

his first England Junior badge and, together with such former EAGLE/GIRL champions as Pat Dainty and Alan Robinson, shared in an exciting 6-4 victory over West Germany. He gained further England honours the following month.

March 23rd saw the culmination of Alan's



youthful ambitions when, before a large audience at Wembley Town Hall, and millions of unseen television viewers, he followed in the footsteps of Chester Barnes, the current English champion, by winning the EAGLE Senior Championship of Great Britain.

There will be no stopping Alan now, and this summer will find him hard at practice for the coming season, when he hopes to bridge that big gap between junior and senior success.

It is a gap that all sports-minded youngsters must face at some time, and one that table tennis players often find difficult because, as you grow in physical stature, you must adjust your strokes accordingly.

TOP RANKING PLAYERS

This is an important summer, too, for the likes of Chester Barnes and Britain's other players who have already risen to the top international rank, for it precedes a season in which both the European and World Championships are to be staged.

Chester and Co. know that somehow they must add points to their game to keep in the running against such new European masters as Dorin Gajdus (of Rumania) and Jano Fekasi and Peter Rousos (Hungary), who took the honours at the English Open last April, not to mention the Chinese and Japanese World champions.

Already that little white celluloid ball is whizzing back and forth over the net faster than ever before. Somehow, our players must find still greater speed, even dizzier spins, accuracy, consistency and absolute confidence - and all this they will be seeking in long practice sessions.

KEEP IN TRAINING!

with a Frido ball



Think of your favourite footballer, and you can be pretty sure that he and his team train with Frido Balls. Most of the top men do. Frido Sports and Games balls are made from tough, hard wearing

Vinyl that gives them plenty of kick! Go to your favourite sports shop and ask them about Frido Balls, priced from as little as 2/11d. Improve your game - keep in training with a Frido Ball.



1 FRIDOMASTER SIZE 5
Regulation size 5
Weight app. 15 ozs.
Each ball packed in a polythene bag and includes an adaptor.
Colours: White or Brown.
Prices: Size 5-10/11,
also Size 4-8/11.



2 FRIDO CONTINENTAL, 4"
Weight app. 8 ozs.
Colour: White/Black.
Price: 6/11.



3 FRIDO RUGBY BALL
SIZE 4
Regulation size 4
Weight app. 12 ozs.
Each ball packed in a polythene bag and includes an adaptor.
Colours: White or Brown.
Prices: Size 4-10/11,
also Size 4-7/11.



4 FRIDO SUPREME SIZE 5
Regulation size 5
Weight app. 16 ozs.
Each ball packed in a polythene bag and includes an adaptor.
Colour: Buff.
Price: 13s.

FRIDO LIMITED VICTOR WORKS, HOULDSWORTH ST. REDDISH, STOCKPORT

Don't get caught without your **FREE** water pistol

says the
Milky Bar Kid



Send for your **FREE** water pistol now by completing the coupon below and posting it with 2 x 7d or 4 x 3d Milky Bar wrappers to the address given.



NESTLÉ'S
milky bar

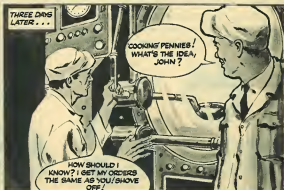
Milky Bar Kid Water Pistol, Department A.A.2,
Unique House, Eccleston Road, London, W.13

NAME
CAPTION
ADDRESS

CAN YOU CATCH A CROOK?

THE CASE OF THE 'COOKED' PENNIES

When a man bears a grudge against another man, he usually does nothing about it. But when that man becomes unbalanced to the point of near-madness - his desire for revenge can become an obsession. John Raynor was a technician at the Atomic Station at Kirk Mallory, close to Manningham...



IN A FEW HOURS THE HANDFUL OF INNOCENT-LOOKING PENNIES HAD BEEN 'COOKED' INTO LETHAL, RADIO-ACTIVE DISCS!



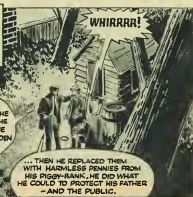
BRUCE AND PRIOR WERE ASSIGNED TO THE CASE...

THOSE CONNS WILL BE DANGEROUSLY RADIO-ACTIVE IF THEY EVER GET INTO CIRCULATION...



BUT THEY WERE TOO LATE...



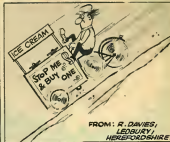


Were you as smart as Bruce? Check below and find out:—

1 Bruce has seen the patch of newly-dug earth in the garden, the spade, and the imprint of the canister in the soil. It all pointed to one conclusion. Someone had buried the radio-active pennies in the garden. But who?

2 The broken piggy-bank supplied the missing link. Obviously Brian Raynor had replaced the 'hot' pennies with harmless ones. He had to do it in a hurry—hence the broken piggy-bank.

WINNERS' PAGE



NOW...WALL'S NEW SUPER Z BAR

Chocolate
Coated
vanilla top!

6d

NEW!
orange flavoured
water ice!



3 D Lolly in four
sparkling flavours:
Raspberry, Chocolate,
Orange, Strawberry

3^d each!



Wall's Booster! With
the orange flavoured
'nose cone', raspberry
flavoured rocket.

6^d



GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S!

ICE 105-7674

GOING FISHING



LAST week we were discussing landing nets and how important it is to have them. Well, it is also important to use them correctly. Use them wrongly and the fish may get away. And you can't count a fish as caught unless you have it on the bank! How can you bungle the landing of a fish as it nears the bank, or chasing it through the water with the net.

You rarely get the fish that way and often as not drive it into renewed frenzy and a sudden burst of effort so that it slips the hook or smashes the line.

Or perhaps the mesh of the net gets caught on the bank half in and half out of the fish's mouth. You are stuck then. You can't net the fish, but the fish can use the mesh to lever the hook out of its mouth. That often happens when a fish dives into a thick weed bed.

SIMPLEST METHOD

The right way and only way to use a landing net is also the simplest. You place it in the water before your fish is fully played out. A friend can do it or you can yourself in a case of those moments when there is a lull in the fight. If no lull comes at first, don't worry. Carry on the fight.

The fish is not ready to be netted. Once your fish has tired out and stopped its diving and thrashing, you carefully draw it towards the net. Gently, ever so gently, does it. As soon as it is over the net, you quietly lift the net so that the rim rises above the water and the fish is engulfed in the mesh.

If the fish is very big - or even more than a few pounds - you then hold everything for a moment until you have laid down your rod.

Then you drag fish and net on to the bank, taking hold of the mesh with your other hand to save the strain on the net rim and handle.

And that's all there is to it. It's the way every expert in the country uses a landing net.

OLD FRED

IT'S A FACT!

Actor Gary Cockrell is beginning to feel that success in films depends as much on the capacity of your appetite as anything else. For his featured role in 20th Century-Fox's *MAN IN THE MIDDLE*, he had to eat a banana during an important scene with Robert Mitchum. What with the demands for perfection by director Guy Hamilton and the need for extra angles and retakes, Cockrell consumed no fewer than 30 bananas in the day's shooting. "My only consolation," he said, "is that it isn't nearly as brutal as the time, a few years ago, I had to drink ten pints of beer during a scene with James Mason."

The 'New York Sunday News' of 10th November, 1957, had a total of 636 pages! The cost - about 2 shillings.

The gramophone record of 'White Christmas' has sold over 20 million copies! Bing Crosby's version alone has sold 9 million. That puts even the Beatles to shame!

A Dutch firm recently printed a book measuring one-sixth of an inch square. It had twenty pages and was bound in soft leather. On the first page, the Lord's Prayer was reproduced.

PNEUMATIC POWERED TRAIN



To give some idea of size, a track-mounted pump can be seen protruding in the foreground above the carriage in the doorway at the left.

SIDENHAM, in Kent, might have other claims to fame, but the one which really stands out is its claim to being the only town in the world ever to have had a railway powered on the pneumatic principle. Although not very long - 600 yards to be exact - and only in service for a few months, this astounding means of transport caused a great stir among the engineers of the world. It was 1884, and for months a giant metal tube had been taking shape.

At either end of the tube was constructed a large funnel 60 feet across at its widest point. Into these fitted what must have been the biggest propellers or fans in the world. Steam engines followed, until it could be seen that these were to power the fans. A part of one steam engine is shown in the illustration. Into the tube was placed a descending capsule or carriage running on guide rails top and bottom. The doors led to the interior containing 30 plush seats. For one this was to be a train without windows and lit with a few smelly oil lamps.

AIRIGHT SEAL

Once the 30 passengers were inside and seated, the doors were closed on the capsule and then those on the outside tube making an almost airtight seal. Signals were flashed to the other end of the railway and the fan started. As it gathered speed, it started to draw air out of the tube. Because the carriage itself was close-fitting, very little air could pass it, and so it started to move along the rails.

Precisely the same principle is involved when you suck through a straw. Because no more air can get into the straw, when you draw the drink starts to move up into your mouth. So the train gathered speed until it was able to do the 600-yard journey in under a minute! It was stopped by reversing the fan and automatically running

its wheels top and bottom into grooved rails which acted like disc brakes.

Alas, the designer's hopes of having British cross-country with neat tubes came to nothing. Heavy running and maintenance costs, and the fact that it would be very impractical over long distances, made this train a courageous and interesting failure.



HORIZON UNLIMITED

Continued from Page 2

Liebling told us he'd be bringing upriver. That must be bringing it now."

"And he'll be bringing it in to the boat-house when he hears those gasbotts," Sam said. "Heck, kid, if we could grab that launch we'd be in clover..."

BUT Liebling will be gunning for us, too," Theo said. "It's going to need both of us to tackle him, and someone's got to hold off those buzzards up the slope..."

He looked at Shamrock Kelly. The little man was smiling. It looked like head as the tommy-guns opened up from the slope again and the bullets seared chips from the window frames. The smile on the old face was perfectly happy.

"Thirty years, ever since the good old days in Chicago, I've wanted to hear those sounds again," the co-explorer said. "You know, the hammer of those guns, the sigh of spent slugs, the whine of rico-

chet. I've got to hand it to that Tony Milano. He sure knows how to make a feller feel at home."

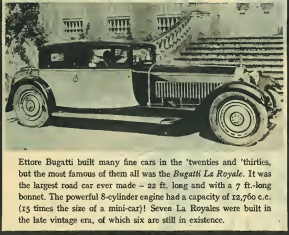
He came across to Theo and reached up and took the tommy-gun from him. He said: "You grab the launch from Liebling, boys. I'll hold off Tony and the other boys."

Theo and Sam turned away. They heard Shamrock Kelly's gun opening up with a harsh clatter behind them as they ran along the slipway. When the gun cut off they heard the old man singing.

THEY had misjudged the nearness of the launch. It was almost alongside the landing stage, less than ten yards away, when they burst out from the darkness of the boat-house. The man hidden in the cockpit had the barrel of his Luger trained on them.

The voice shouted harshly: "I'm warning you! Don't move, or this thing goes off!"

They froze with fear first, and then with slow, joyous disbelief. For the voice was the voice of Plugg...

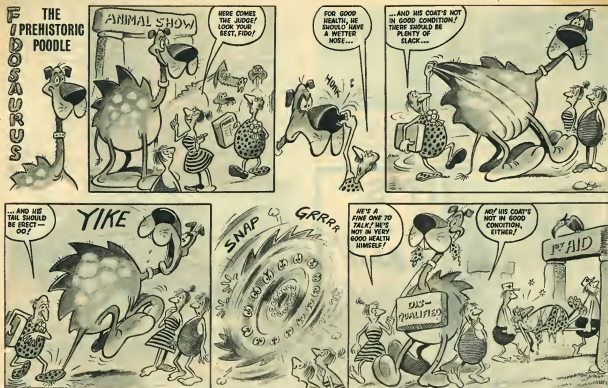


Ettore Bugatti built many fine cars in the 'twenties and 'thirties, but the most famous of them all was the *Bugatti La Royale*. It was the largest road car ever made - 22 ft. long and with a 7 ft.-long bonnet. The powerful 8-cylinder engine had a capacity of 12,700 c.c. (13 times the size of a mini-car)! Seven La Royales were built in the late vintage era, of which six are still in existence.

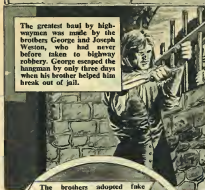
NEXT WEEK: THE END OF THE ROAD!

FIDUSURUS

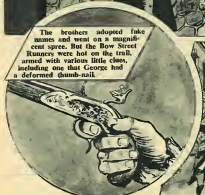
THE PREHISTORIC POODLE



Stand and Deliver



The greatest haul by highwaymen was made by the brothers George and Joseph Weston, who had never before taken to highway robbery. George escaped the hangman by only three days when his brother helped him break out of jail.



The brothers adopted false names and went on a magnificent spree. But the Bow Street Runners were hot on the trail, armed with various little clues, including one that George had a deformed thumb-nail.



The pair went into hiding off the Kentish coast - as emigrants. Then a Revenue cutter investigated their craft and they went on the run again - to Edinburgh, then Bristol.



On a journey to London, they made their great highway robbery - of the Bristol Mail coach. It was on a dark night in 1781. A postboy, in sole charge of the coach and dozing in his seat, awoke to find a pistol at his head. The brothers sent him packing and stole a fantastic £10,000 in cash and money drafts.



It was that thumb-nail which eventually trapped the brothers. Though they travelled up and down the country and even went abroad for a spell, they were eventually traced, chased, and, after a running battle, captured to stand trial. They went to the gallows together in 1782.